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VANITY FAIR

Saturday,

FEBRUARY 15,

1862.

A BOSTON VIEW OF GOVERNOR ANDREW.

"HENRY WILSON, I FIRMLY BELIEVE, HAD NO MORE INTENTION OF SERVING IN THE ARMY THAN YOUR EXCELLENCY HAS OF MOUNTING THE HIPPOPOTAMUS, AND CHARGING THROUGH STATE STREET TO-MORROW AT THE HEAD OF THE LIBERTY GUARD."—(*Letter of "An Old Jackson Democrat," in the Boston Courier.*)

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From Louis Agassiz, L.L. D.

I have looked over your great edition of Worcester's Dictionary, chiefly with the view of ascertaining how far it covers the ground in which I am particularly interested. It is of great importance, in our days, when the nomenclature of science is gradually creeping into common use, that a English Lexicon should embrace as much of it as is consistent with the language we speak. I am greatly surprised and highly delighted to find that you have succeeded far beyond my expectation in making the proper selection, and combining with it a remarkable degree of accuracy. More could hardly be given, except in a scientific Cyclopedia.

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What is the difference between Independence Hall, on Chestnut Street below 6th, and Chas. Stokes' "one-price" clothing store, Chestnut below Ninth?—ANS. About three squares.

Why is a lover who composes a pretty sonnet to the features of his "object" like a soldier?—ANS. Because he knows how to write about face.

What great GOOD is advanced by the publications of illustrated works similar to Stokes' Illustrated Almanac?—ANS. Stokes' Good, the Engraver.

Why is Stokes' Illustrated Almanac for 1862 like a well-appointed butcher shop?—ANS. Because it is made attractive by fine cuts.

Why are the wood engravings in Stokes' Almanac like the ships of war at present on the Southern coast?—ANS. Because they are block aids to his business.

Why is a Southern planter like a Prussian nobleman?—ANS. Because he dwells on the Black Oder.

Why should the soldiers outside the walls of Fortress Monroe be convicted for counterfeiting?—ANS. Because they are making wooden "quarters."

Why is a "Revolver" like a volunteer with the measles?—ANS. Because he is a SICK SHOOTER.

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RANTANQUERO DE BOOM-JING-JING;

—OR—

THE WRATH OF THE REBEL RIVAL.

A ROMANCE OF THE WAR.

By McARONE.

CHAPTER X.

"Skacely!" said GLORIANNA.

In truth, she heard steps on the stairway without, and recognized them. The door immediately opened, and the lieutenant of Light Quadroons entered.

"Pshaw!" cried PETER, "what did you want to come just at this moment, for? Leave here!"

"I'll see you blowed first, and then I won't!" remarked the lieutenant. He quietly produced a police badge, and fastened it to his coat.

"Do you see *that?*" said he; "now come along. I want you!"

"O, dear!" exclaimed PETER, "it's all up! I see. Somebody's been and squealed."

He followed the lieutenant peacefully, and was locked up in a station-house to await Don RANTANQUERO's orders. The lieutenant then followed the army to Charleston.

There he met the Don, who had just hit on a plan for reducing the city. He issued an order commanding the use of fluid and camphene lamps exclusively. The result was that there were three fires the first week; eight the second; and the third, half the town was in flames.

"I may be mistaken," observed the Don; "but if that doesn't warm 'em up, I'm a teapot!"

The Charlestonians found it very inconvenient to do business with six or eight roofs falling and four or five magazine-explosions going on in every street. It unsettled the usual course of things a good deal. Meanwhile, the Federal army lay encamped about the suburbs, and enjoyed the time tolerably. They amused themselves with euchre, billiards, smoking, and revivals. Every day, it became evident that the people in the town were getting ready to lay down their arms and give up their hands....their field-hands ....and undergo the oath of allegiance, or some other dreadful punishment.

At length the mayor, the board of aldermen, and the common council of the city appealed to Don RANTANQUERO to let up on his camphene proclamation. They offered him four shillings and treats, if he would put out the fire and receive South Carolina into the Union again....

Which he did.

When things got somewhat settled, he established his quarters in the city and hanged the inhabitants. This had a very salutary effect upon them, and also upon others, as was shown the next day, when General BEAUREGARD came, voluntarily, to surrender himself.

"My soldiers," said he, "say that they will abandon the Rebel cause and go home, unless you promise not to attack them. Will you?"

"Don't be foolish, General," said the Don; "even now, we are forging cannon, powder, and equipments for a continuance of the war!"

"Well, then," said BEAUREGARD, "all I have to say, is, that I think you're real mean! However, I wash my hands of the whole affair. I'll go and tell my army to disband."

"Much obliged, General. Come and take tea with us?"

"Thank you, I will. I always was a Union man, at heart, and something of an Abolitionist. Day day." He took the oath of allegiance, and left.

After that, surrenders poured in from all parts of the South. BUCKNER, of Kentucky, sent on his sword by a nigger who was travelling that way for pleasure. The Reverend General POLK was going to give himself up, but met with an accident, being shot dead by a soldier whose socks he had stolen. In short, so many surrenders were made, that the Don was forced to open dèpôts in every town, where officers could hand in their swords at any time.

These weapons were sold at auction, afterward, and bought by STUART, the manager, for theatrical properties. They brought over eight hundred dollars, but the lieutenant somehow got hold of the money, through some informality in the sale, and nothing further was known about it....

It was remarked, however, that the lieutenant wore very good clothes, at about that time.

All that now remained to be done, was to invite the neighbors together to assist at a Raising....a good old country-custom, which Don RANTANQUERO was willing to observe. They razed all the towns where Secession still lingered, and then raised the Stars and Stripes over every building that remained in Dixie.

Sated with victory and flushed with triumph, the Don returned to Washington as his permanent residence.

His journey wae one continuous ovation. At every village and dépôt the people gathered by millions to welcome him, and he delivered everywhere this neat and appropriate speech:

"LADIES AND GENTLEMEN:—I have no time to say much, nor do I suppose you want me to. You have come here to see me, and I have come to see you; and you will pardon me if I say that I think I have a little the best of it. [Laughter.] With the aid of Providence and the popular will, I hope to fix things all right. Start the train, Conductor."

Arriving in Washington, this great and good man made preparations for bringing PETER to a sublime retribution. He bound the unhappy wretch securely in a chair, and appointed fifty men to take turns at reading back numbers of the Charleston *Mercury* aloud to him.

"Spare me!" cried the miserable victim; "make me your slave, your drudge....kill me at once....hang me....burn me....nay, scrape me to death with oyster-shells, and mighty poor oyster-shells at that, but don't O, *don't* read BARNWELL RHETT on Southern Rights to me!"

His cries were heartrending, but the Don was implacable. The reading began, and cold drops burst forth from the sufferer's brow.

"This is indeed agony," moaned he.

For six hours, that room was a scene of suffering. The low, monotonous voices of the readers and the despairing groans of the tortured man alone broke the silence. At the end of that time, he fainted, and the Don was called.

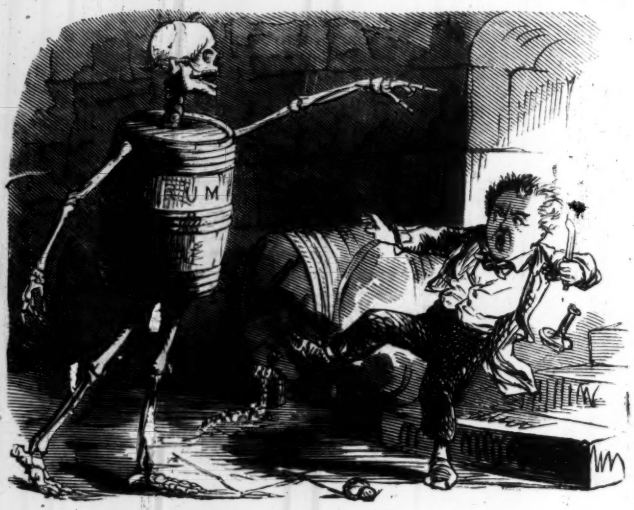
He entered the inquisition chamber, with President LINCOLN, and was told by a reader that PETER was dead.

"*Requiescat in pace!*" said the Don.

"*Nino nishashânee nackatocassee!*" said ABRAHAM.

This is the language of the Springfield (Ills.) tribe of Indians. If we knew what it meant, we would translate it.

The Don's young friend, of the medical persuasion, was called, and on examination, found that PETER had only swooned. An application of the new and improved stomach-pump immediately brought him up again, and at the intercession of GLORIANNA, further torture was spared him.



"I AM THY FATHER'S SPIRIT."
Hamlet.

Nautical Items.

It may be useful for land-lubbers to know that the Spar deck of a vessel is fitted up for the exercise known among sailors as "Boxing the compass." Also that the Combings of the hatchway are now regularly forwarded from all ships of war to the Navy Department, where they are kept for the purpose of Wigging delinquent Commanders.

Encore Joannes!

If there is hot water on hand, anywhere, the queer person who Counts himself in by the above version of "JONES" is sure to get into it. Just now he is bringing an action against a Boston lawyer, for sending him a jackass in a letter. We don't know what the object of the jackass was, but suppose that "JONES" looked upon it as a Reflection.

Philological Correspondence.

DEAR V. F.—I find that in the ancient Gothic, the word *morgan* was a verb signifying "to make shorter." But its signification is different in the modern Anglo. With us MORGAN is a Noun Substantive and means "a shave"—and nothing shorter.

Yours, PHILOLOGUS.

"She's so tender-hearted," said the Don; "dear child, she wouldn't harm a flea!"

PETER reformed, at once, and got a pretty good place in a tract concern, along with two gentlemen who had lately escaped from States Prison.

Thus ended the Rebellion, and thus ends our story. Don RANTANQUERO fell naturally and honorably into a life of peaceful ease. He and his lovely wife board at WILLARD'S in the winter, and in summer the Don goes shrimp-shooting on the Jersey coast while GLORIANNA accompanies Mrs. LINCOLN to Long Branch. He loves life and has no children, but delights in fighting his battles o'er again, in the bar-rooms of Washington, where he is known and loved under the *nom-de-guerre* of "Old Beeswax." Maybe you've heard of him.

The young lieutenant is living in the country.

Although the minor details of this history may not be literally true in all particulars, it is still founded on facts, and the writer can bring the best of city references to prove his veracity and temperance. He is a poor, simple-minded, but honest cuss, who desires only a clear conscience and plenty to drink. If any captious persons undertake to deny these statements, he is ready and willing to fight them for the beer.

The End.

From Our Martial Almanac.

Although the army of the Potomac is still inactive, the Washington prophets have decided that immediately after the 28th of February, we shall have a March. The military Congressmen declare that of all months, next month is most favorable for storming, and that then, if ever, this year, we should look for a heavy blow in some direction.

FATHER JONATHAN TO THE COUNTRY PUBLISHERS.

Ho! all you country paper loafers,
Hanging at present by the eye-lids,
Troop forward to the Treasury coffers
And put your nickel under my lids.

Shell out! shell out! on every copy
My duty 'tis to levy duty,
So just oblige your honest pop'py,
And from subscribers shave the booty,

"You can't," you say. "Though they ought not to,
Subs pay you now in wood and 'tatoes,
And even touching these, their motto
Is aught but *Nunquam non paratus*."

Well, that's too bad! where's worth, where's honor?
Tell me ye nobs of Harvard College;
Will nobody alas, but BONNER,
Go for a tax on human knowledge?

What next will be the nation's capers?
What evil does the fact forbode her?
When a half Cent on weekly papers,
Is every where in such bad odor.

Two Lessons in Christianity.

The *London Times* says of our stone blockade of Charleston Harbor that "among the crimes which have disgraced the history of mankind, it would be difficult to find one more atrocious than this. VANITY FAIR begs leave to respond to that flatulent humbug that it knows of at least two, not only more atrocious than this, but also more brutal and cowardly than any actions that ever disgraced a nation of barbarians. The horrible punishment of the Sepoy rebels who were blown from the cannon's mouth by order of the ministers of the government of a Christian Woman, and the pleasant little episode in the history of one General PELISSIER, who suffocated some four hundred miserable wretches in a cave in Algeria, for which humane and brilliant action he was rewarded with the baton of a Marshal by another Christian Ruler.

To be sure they were not representatives of a Cotton interest, or not quite so white as their oppressors, so that makes some little difference as to the cowardice, the barbarity and the atrocity of the crimes.

Sensible and Consistent.

It is said that HERRING the distinguished homœopathist, on the principle that "like cures like," recommends, as the best remedy for a cold, a Frieze jacket.

THE MATTER WITH THE OPERA.

It is truly remarkable that conductor MAX MARETZEK does not quit the orchestra of the Academy of Music and retire to some orderly, well-kept Insane Asylum where there are few or no other boarders. The only reason that we can imagine prevents his so doing is that he has not yet gone "stark mad"—we confidently expect that he will, however, before the close of another season if things continue as usual. Persons often become daft from far less causes than those that have conspired to harass the gentle MAX. Yes, by rights the Musical JUPITER of Fourteenth Street ought to have assumed lunatic airs some days ago, and if the goings on at the Metropolitan Opera were not sufficient to idiotize him, surely those at the BEECHER Theatre were.

MAX, be it remembered, led in the venerable days of Castle Garden and Astor Place, and was in the habit of seeing extraordinarily well-dressed persons in the parquet, balcony and dress circle. He used to hear remarkably fine singing at times, too, and he kept finer instrumental soloists than ever Mr. W. H. SEWARD did Arabian steeds.

When people went to hear a SALVI, a BENEVENTANO, or a SONTAG they did really wear delightful clothes, one and all, and the fact of course insured a brilliant-looking house. They respected themselves, each other, and the opera. They were perhaps a trifle conceited, but then they had something to be vain of. They did not refrain from venting the delicate but harsh-toned hiss when things or people on the stage did not please as was expected. This made the management and the *artistes* themselves always "study to please." Yes, there was a high critical standard about those days, and MARETZEK knew it. It was fashionable to go to the opera, but it was not fashionable to put up with capricious baritones, or tenors, or sopranos, or contraltos. When a singer faced the footlights it was deemed his or her business to sing and act in as faultless a manner as it is possible for human ladies and gentlemen to do. The audience was exacting, just, and ever ready to applaud success. The audience showed its respect for its operatic pets, however, as we remarked, by appearing in elegant evening dress. Some persons may not look upon this as denoting a compliment to the *prime donne*, the *tenori* and *bassi*, but it was meant as such, most decidedly. In our day none but boors present themselves at one another's evening *reunions* except in full dress—not only society but a sense of right, a proper regard for decency, demands it. Well, when poor MARETZEK contrasts the days of yore with the nights of the present, and sees the Academy thronged with gentlemen habited in business suits, ungloved, and strutting in slush boots that wind upwards to a point above their knee-joints, and when he sees ladies in walking gear, wearing rainy-day bonnets and black gloves, and anon munching candy or getting up an appetite from a juicy orange or apple, why it is enough to make the high-toned *chef* weep and weep until he fairly swims in tears of despair. Mud-boots in the Boxes! Candy in the Parquet! Old bonnets in the Balcony! Not a dozen dress coats any where! Not twenty ladies apparelled *à la mode!* When such spectacles pay their way into secured seats and place themselves under the gaze of the entire opera troupe, including the two stout parties in the female chorus, how can we expect even conscientious *artistes* to exert themselves. BRIGNOLI before a Parisian or London audience would strive his utmost to win its esteem. Once a season he may make the effort in New York—in Brooklyn never.

The people ought to get over the absurd pet idea of a set of country-gawks, that to appear in public dressed in a slovenly manner is democratic, and therefore commendable. It is a shameful hallucination common to many. The audiences at the opera now not only put up with, but frequently applaud, solos lazily sung out of tune and time, and in a manner that would disgrace a Broadway Concert Hall. If we desire to raise public criticism in music and art to its former high standard, a united effort to secure brilliant, well-behaved and refined audiences must be made. How can we criticise *artistes* who have it in their power to teach us manners and gentility? How can a manager cater successfully to an assemblage that looks like the congregation of a New Jersey country church, and does not behave with half its decorum?

There is no use in blinking at the facts. Bowery boys and girls may frequent their places of amusement either as swells or dowds, but well-bred people, who keep carriages and revolve around the acknowledged social suns, ought to know the rules of fitness and propriety well enough to set good examples to those who don't, and not give VANITY FAIR a chance to peck at them. Once more, if MARETZEK is not out of his wits he is very fortunate. If nothing better can be devised, suppose a system of Full Dress nights and Cheap nights of Opera be established. Then we shall have ample opportunities of seeing our theory practically demonstrated—and perhaps earn the thanks of all true lovers of respectable operas.

SAVE HIM FROM HIS FRIENDS.

With some women the passion for kissing is strong—we may say horrible. Kissing is delightful under certain circumstances, but to be the recipient of labial compresses from, on an average, fifteen hundred and nine females per diem must be terrible. Some women kiss into a person's eyes—some on the bridge of the nose, others smack on the favored one's lips, or dampen his or her cheeks, or drop a mouthful of moist breath under her left ear, or taste the cuticle that contains the *pomum Adami*. Some show their teeth in a hungry manner—some bite their own lips firmly, and bestow a protracted touch of the nose, leaving a dent in the dear one's countenance. Some clutch their friend's hands or arms and fire a thirty two pound buss, as if shooting at a target. Some clasp their arms around the neck and allow their cold finger nails to creep coyly among the roots and under-brush of your hair. Ugh! How that makes you shiver! Fifteen hundred varieties of kiss in one day! No two women ever bestow their olive-branch in precisely the same way—do they, poor NUTT? Some get their noses into your favorite eye, don't they, poor NUTT? Some bring incrustations on your tender skin, don't they, poor NUTT? Some scratch you with their spectacles, don't they poor NUTT? Some feel like poultices of impotent, cold oysters, don't they poor NUTT?

Then, too, the enormous size of their features contrasted with your own, poor NUTT! What great eyes they have! what Brobdignagian jaws! what elephantine probosces! prize-oxonian cheeks! How it must frighten and sicken you, poor fellow! Beseech Mr. BARNUM to get the ladies to kiss the hippopotamus, or the living whale that threatens to die daily, or the What-Is-It? or some other brute capable of bearing up under the friendly martyrdom, or get them to taste the leg of your homœopathic chair, but don't, pray don't let them pound and poison you to death as they surely will do if left unhindered.

Jerusalem!—What a Difference.

During the Crusades, the "Order of Hospitalers" sedulously cared for the wants of sick Christian pilgrims at Jerusalem. That, however, was a dark and barbarous age. In this more blessed and benevolent era things are managed differently. The hospitalers at our military lazaretto in Alexandria have such confidence in Providence, it seems, that they leave the sick Hero pilgrims from the North sent to them for treatment entirely to its care, providing them neither with adequate food, nor with medicine and proper attendance.

UNFORTUNATE FOR SMITH.

Kind Uncle.—"SALLIE, MY DEAR, ALLOW ME TO INTRODUCE YOU TO MY FRIEND, MR. SMITH."

A Modern Philemon and Baucis.

A couple advertise themselves as having just been married, and wind up the statement with the following invocation for worldly prosperity.

"May peace and contentment forever attend
On Christy, and Nellie, his bride;
And may Fortune's favors upon them descend,
And love in their cottage abide."

Connecticut papers please copy.

VANITY FAIR is not by any means to be classed as a Connecticut paper, but it is tempted to copy the effusion, nevertheless, as a specimen of honest, homely, cheerful sentiment, such as is seldom found in the annals of love poetry. These people ask not for hotel living, balls, operas, watering-place jaunts and finery—but limit their request to the only real blessings thus far extant—peace, contentment, and lasting love for one another. It is a pity that this style of thing is not taught at young ladies' boarding schools as well as crochet work and the Lancers.

By Our Depressing Young Man.

Q.—Why is a Scranton blast-furnace like a Bull's Ferry row-boat?

A.—Couldn't work it without Ores.

Oh, my Eye!

The scarcity of salt in the South is terrible. Children are actually forced to cry with Fresh Water tears.

A Tender Legal Question.

The Legal Tender Question.

THAT POOR RULE THAT WON'T WORK BOTH WAYS.

Congress is an absurd place—in our time at least. Its sessions are apparently held only that the members may have the means of stultifying themselves to their hearts' content. It is needless to mention names; they are in everybody's mouth.

One of the latest suggestions seriously offered in the national council, is one to reduce the pay of volunteers, a hardy race of good fellows who are engaged in fighting their country's battles, already, at the lowest possible contracting figures, and who lead lives of hardship and misery from, in nearly all cases, motives of pure patriotism. Perhaps the author of the bill to reduce the pay of soldiers, upon whom the very salvation of the republic depends, thought himself oozing with patriotic fervor. Doubtless he imagined that *amor patriæ* resided permanently in the furnished apartments of his soul, and that the welfare of our sacred cause was snugly stowed away along with his handkerchief in his left coat-tail pocket. Perhaps he thus deluded himself.

If so, we take pleasure in offering to contradict his views. It is not the member of Congress, but the soldier that has given proof of patriotism. Look to the Native, Irish, German, French, Scotch, Italian and Polish regiments for evidences of this fact. The people see it clearly—none but a muddy-brained senator "can't see it." Of course we are willing to cut down expenses during the war, and will lend our aid to any just scheme that may be devised to this end. As an earnest of our desire in this regard, we propose that the bill lately introduced be passed with this alteration, namely—let it declare that the pay of—not the volunteers, observe! but—the members of Congress shall be, on and after a stated date, reduced to eleven dollars a month, with the privilege of speech-making, and thirteen dollars without any such right to bore the nation.

We bear in mind the axiom that "it is a poor rule that won't work both ways," and we hope that Congress will remember it also.

Economy must be practised—that is evident.

The spouters, not the fighters, however, are best fitted for having the FRANKLIN theory tested practically upon them. So let us hear no more about swindling men with whom the government has made a binding contract for three years or the war.

CABS.

What has New York done that she must be denied cabs? Cabs of the Hansom pattern? [Answers to be sent in before Tuesday next, along with card photographs of the authors.] We cannot conceive why we citizens must be subjected either to the extortion of hackmen or the barbarities of railway and stage companies. A long while ago, a man with a little more than average common sense petitioned the Legislature to charter him and his partners for the benefit of this community. He desired to go into the Hansom business. Everybody heard the fact and hailed the Cabman, or, rather, hailed the coming of that sane, with delight. But something happened to prevent the realization of this scheme.

Locomotion at Albany is slow. The legislature travel by slow stages, and the wheels require constant greasing. Probably the grease gave out too soon, else Mr. Cabman would have had his bill passed before now. We see it stated that he is on hand again this session, and intends getting established by hook or by crook. It strikes us that it is about time for us to begin to pity the man who wants to see us ride about town like American Christians, and not like sheep and swine. He is, we fear, in the hands of the Fee—listines up the river, and they will block his wheels eternally. If it depends upon legislative enactment the era of cabs will not dawn before the millenium or the forty ninth of February. He had better do something else about it, instead of dilly-dallying at the state capital. For instance, he might take out a license from the city government to run as many vehicles as he sees fit, in the same way that hackney coaches are licensed. A regular charter would, it is true, insure a monopoly of the business, but that is a matter that the people would hardly care to see gained. If a man can't get a whole loaf he had always better take half a loaf of bread, unless he has a sure thing on cake. If Mr. Cabstarter can't get his papers from the State, let him get something at least from the City, and set about riding himself into the good graces of the poor abused public.

A Zoological Distinction.

The principal difference between the original British Lion and the Canadian variety of the animal is that the latter wants Maine.

THE INCONSTANT.

DARKEY HAS NO CHANCE WITH MISS BRITANNIA, NOW, SINCE THAT ELEGANT FRENCHMAN BEGINS TO HOVER AROUND.

A NEW ORDER OF THINGS.

A reliable gentleman from Printing House Square informs us that, after a certain date, the *Tribune* is to be written and printed in the old-style plantation dialect, while the *Herald* is to talk in broad Sawney. If this be really contemplated—and time alone can show—it would be only proper for the *World* to adopt the scriptural style of phrase, and for the *Times* to cultivate the language of MATSELL's Rogues' Dictionary.

We hope to see the suggestions one and all followed, in which case we might promise the community an editorial beginning somewhat as follows :

(From the N. Y. *Tribune*, June 10*th* 1862.)

"We am gwine in strong fur de eberlastin' bobolition ob de human race an' de sartain fixin' up ob de Aztecs an' dere pussecuted chillen.

We's been tomfoolin' long 'nuff, Lord knows, an' now we's boun' fur to hab tings sot scrumptious some how. Golly! You see white folkses de questions dat am bein' unrabbled in de minds ob de hole great American Unium am dis an' nuffin' else :—How fur am she to Richmon'? What do Gennal MCCLELLAM propose fur to do wid hisself supposin' nuffin' shud happen suddent fur to purwent? Dese am dreffal interrogumtories, dear readers ob de *Tribune* what has paid your usual two cents—dese am fearful questions what habent got no answers, and can't hab none needer.

Now den what we 'grees to do 'bout it am dis." &c. &c.

That would be a very pleasant kind of thing to read, and something quite likely to "put up" the circulation of the paper in a Windshipian manner.

We will now make imaginary quotations from the other dailies, beginning with one—

(From the N. Y. *Herald*, June 10*th* 1862.)

"We hae nae time na muckle desire to split hairs wi chaps wha hae less brains nor gowd, an' if these sel-same editors o' sheets ower which the deil himsel' ha' supreme sway, insist on braggin' an' braggin' o' their wide circallation a' we hae to say es 'ye lee, ye cooards!' "

(From the N. Y. *World*, June 10*th* 1862)

"And in those days people had consciences, and cared not for vain articles on theatricals unless the same were done at a Moral Museum. But now all these things have passed away, and the community yearns for the profane ; and since this pays best, we are forced, though reluctantly, to pander to the heathenish as well as the orthodox taste of our subscribers."

(From the N. Y. *Times*, June 10*th* 1862.)

"Priggin is becoming frightfully prevalent among Federal office-holders, which accounts for how these fellows get their slugs. Cracking the Government crib is on the whole a nasty lay, and the coves what does it and their pals ought to be copped."

HOW THE GOVERNMENT CAN ECONOMIZE.

V. F. having a superabundance of available talent lying around loose in its office is willing to assist the Government, and Congress particularly, in the laudable efforts now being made to economize expenses, and it therefore proposes to furnish from one to twenty active and supernaturally intelligent young statesmen from its political staff, each one of whom will undertake to do the thinking and working of any twenty members of Congress for the moderate compensation of Ten Thousand Dollars per annum, without any stealings in the shape of mileage, by which it will be perceived can be saved to our country the enormous sum in every instance, of

FIFTY THOUSAND DOLLARS!

$50.000.

Furthermore, V. F. is willing to stand the high pressure and enormous labor of serving at all times in the arduous character of an

INVESTIGATOR!!

providing its bill for etceteras at the Continental Hotel, Philadelphia, or Fifth Avenue Hotel New York, are duly paid without comment or cavil, and

THE CONGRESSIONAL PAY RUN ON!!!

If our patriotic offers are disregarded, all we have to say is republics are ungrateful; and unless we are immediately mollified with a fat Consulship or its equivalent, we shall join forces with the Rev. Mr. GURLEY and cry out "Onward to Molasses!"

Dramatic Criticism Looking Up.

Two months ago the theatrical critics were content with pipes and short cut. Now they are all puffing CUBAS.

FEBRUARY.

Last of the "fatal Sisters Three"
Of whom December leads the train,
(And stops it oft—the drift you see,)
Hail to thy brief but frozen reign.
Albeit thou art of low degree
(See Fahrenheit on long descents,)
The purple is bestowed by thee
On many unambitious gents :
While thou full oft to the unwary
Giv'st the cold shoulder, February.

The freeman—no man's subject he—
Whom hot-brained despot ne'er controlled,
Subdued by one fierce blow from thee
Becometh subject to a cold ;
And many a belle of swan-like mein
Touched by thy ice-wand in the parks,
Shakes with her nose gloved hands between,
Unwarmed by the surrounding sparks.
Ah many an ague-smitten fairy
Takes febrifuge in February!

Less numerous were Titania's sprites—
Though sprightlier on the whole—than thine
And of the impish fly-by-nights
Diptheria leads the croaking line,
Pneumonia (elf that oft demands
The aid of Mustard Seed,) Catarrh
(That Cobweb of the nasal glands,)
Aid in the pulmonary war.
And nor of Youth nor Beauty chary
They do thy hests, O! February!

O'er patriot war-ships on our coast,
The pestilential imp-flock veers,
And visits every camp and post
Where shiver Freedom's Volunteers.
Through storm-frayed tents the vampyres burst,
They seize the strong by throat and limb,
They shriek, where feverish and athirst,
Within the lazaretto dim,
Heroes from city, vale and prairie,
Die of Neglect and February!

Malarious Fiend restrain thy swarm,
Or, if they needs must rack and slay,
Be it in homes with comfort warm,
Where good wives watch and mothers pray!
Heaven shield our men on wave and land,
They fear no mortal foe in fight,
But poor defence are gun and hand
Against the shaft that flies by night.
Oh shield them—as its aspects vary—
From the *caprice* of February.

EXTRAORDINARY BURST OF ECONOMY IN HIGH CIRCLES.

Patriotism has begun to work in Fifth Avenue. A family of high standing, and whom we shall designate by a row of bs, thus BBBBB, has begun to retrench expenses and bring its domestic economy down to a war footing. Paterfamilias sets the example, and Materfamilias seconds it nobly. The old gentleman insists on shaving himself in *cold* water, to avoid the expense of heating it, and has beat his newspaper carrier down one cent a week for his *Tribune*.

The partner of his bosom takes her tea weak, and intends resigning her position as member of the "Blue Steeple Society" for the relief of the neighboring poor—which will be a nett gain to herself of two dollars a year.

The young man of the family buys wooden matches with which to light his cigars, and has about made up his mind to wear patent leather boots in order to save extravagance in blacking.

There are three young ladies—CORNELIA, TEPOTRINA, and SALTSPOONA. The first thinks economy is "so nice." She lunches at TAYLOR's instead of MAILLARD's when out shopping. The second is equally self-denying, but is puzzled as to whether she had better retrench in hair-pins, or cut down the rations of Sing Song her pet canary.

The third is constantly imploring her father to buy some cows and keep them in the cellar, so that they can have all the milk they want for nothing—and would you believe it! says she will go to a Milking Teacher and acquire the art! With a little practise she thinks she could milk a pint sure.

XUM

THE WAR VALENTINES.

Come hither, my little dark-eyed maiden,
Lock your dimpled hand in mine,
And tell to me, without evading,
The what and where of your Valentine.

"My love is a boatswain's mate on the *Siren*,
A man-of-war's-man bold," said she,
"Heart of oak and hand of iron,
O he's the Valentine for me!"

Listen to me, heart-breaking fraulein,
With the white rose in your leonine hair,
Fain would I know your lover's calling,
Who is your Valentine, what and where?

"O my true love's name is CARL ZORN—
Down at the camp with him you'll meet—
And when he sounds on his bugle horn
A thousand riflemen spring to their feet."

Good morrow to you, my pensive girl
With the crow-wing hair and violet eyes,
Ruby lips and teeth of pearl,
Tell me your true love's name and guise.

"Sure my young man's name it is REDMOND O'BRIEN,
And with his green feather he looked so fine
When the drums were beating and the colors flying—
O! Heaven be good to my Valentine!"

Thus, ever it goes, the self-same story:
Love and War walk hand-in-hand;
Forget-me-nots on the field of glory
Under the laurel's shade expand.

Beauregard's Circulating Medium.

Checks on the Banks of the Potomac.

Why is a dismissed Cabinet officer like an Orphan?

Because he has lost his Pap.

HORSE, FOOT, AND ARTILLERY.

Galling as it is to our Northern feelings, we must admit that the Southern war-chiefs are a little way a-head of us in the matter of expedients. We had almost said in the matter of Shifts. Our military readers are aware that for making up what is termed "fixed ammunition," flannel is an indispensable material. It is an expensive article; and as the South is in bad odor with the dry-goods connection, just now, tight for money, and frantic for "fixed ammunition," it became necessary for the Confederate government to appeal to the women of the South for any quantity of flannel petticoats and things to "fix" the cartridges with. Thus have we a new feature added to the romance of war. Cannon-wads composed of the mysterious articles in question have already fallen within the precincts of our camps. Queer things with drawing-strings and bone buttons have been seen parting from the truculent cannon-ball in its flight, and, after flirting about in the air a good deal, settling down coyly about some soldier's neck, true, even at the last hour, to the mysterious instinct that belongs to all such wonderful creations. A Federal friend of ours now with the army in Kentucky has sent us one of these interesting articles—or more correctly speaking, a *pair*. They somewhat resemble the Zouave what-do-you-call-them in cut, but are of the finest flannel; and, marked with indelible ink upon the linen waist-band, may be read the sweet name of ADELGISA THROGMORTON. Happy the ammunition that is "fixed" with such as these! Perhaps.

As an offset against the great amount of wind wasted in Congress, we suppose, steps have been taken by that body for cutting down regimental bands to a mere whistle. This is a bad look out for the pensive horn and the melancholy ophicleide, for the retractile trombone and the calamose clarionet. We shall be pestered, now, with dirty little hautboys out of work, going about our streets begging for pennies. Piccolos will turn into pick-pockets, and it will be dangerous to perambulate the purlieus at night, on account of German flutes on the loose. Of course the panic among the musicians is very great, and many of them are already turning their talents into other channels than the brazen and wooden ones through which they have hitherto blown for the bare life. We are told of one performer who has rifled his bassoon, and is making experiments with a view to discharging projectiles from it on the principle of Concert Pitch.

We understand that a Board of army Officers has been convened for the purpose of sitting on a new cartridge invented by an enterprising ammunition contractor. The principal advantage claimed for this cartridge over the old one is, that it does not contain any powder or explosive substance of any kind; notwithstanding which it is stated that many thousand samples of it have gone off with the BURNSIDE Expedition. If all that we hear about this cartridge is true, it must be a very safe one for a Board of Army Officers to sit upon.

A FAST M. C.

In the debate on the Treasury note Bill, Mr. CRISFIELD of Maryland is reported to have said, that he was ready to go as far to establish a just scheme of taxation as the man who went *farther*. We are inclined to think that it will puzzle Mr. CRISFIELD to fulfil this patriotic offer. Our incredulity, to be sure, may be the result of ignorance. ROBERT FULTON was long regarded as a humbug, or at best a madman. Our fathers refused on Christian principles to travel by steam, and many of them still utterly deny the existence of the telegraph. Now, although we have no such weakness, although we have seen the great Indian Runner, and have an English acquaintance who informs us that it is no unusual occurence on the Manchester and Liverpool line, for the steam engine to arrive at Liverpool before the last baggage car has left Manchester, we are utterly at a loss to know how a man can overtake another who keeps a-head of him. We have heard of Divers in the deep, and Æronauts in the air, and can imagine a badger worming his way through the bowels of the earth, yet we are still at a loss to know how Mr. CRISFIELD proposes to go as far as the man—however close he may be on his heels—who goes "farther." The word Buncombe will perhaps suggest to our readers a clue to the difficulty. For ourselves, however, we are inclined to put down the statement in the same category with that of the Irishman who said that "one man was as good as another and a deal better too."

"Say "Yes!" or "No!"

Wouldn't an insurrection among the slaves of the Confederacy necessarily bring about a Massa-cre?

A Discharge of Inefficient Ordnance.

The removal of Brig. Gen. RIPLEY from that Bureau.

SPAIN WITH A BROKEN NOSE.

SMART little Mexico, if the news is to be relied on, has been squaring up to some purpose against old Spain, in a regular stand-up ring fight, which lasted about five hours. As the details of the affair have not yet reached us, we can only suppose that it was a duplicate of the late great prize-fight in England, in which a comparatively light weight named MACE did pound and pummel into an indistinguishable mass of sausage an immense Blunderbore of a fellow going by the charming little pet name of the "Stalybridge Infant." Spain got a lick, it seems, on a spot called the National Bridge, near Vera Cruz, which must have drawn blood, if Mexico has any muscle left. National Bridge will hereafter be a sore spot for Spain, because your solemn Spaniard is remarkably solicitous about his nose. Did not the late Mr. J. MILLER have an anecdote of some wonderful old hidalgo, or alcalde, or something, who, upon arising from a fall in which his proboscis sustained injury, said—"This comes of walking upon earth"? Thus of the blow upon National Bridge; the nose of Spain has been already broken by contact with American soil. Spain is great upon Infants, the younger scions of Spanish Kings being thus designated through life, no matter how big, and ugly, and elderly they may grow to be. Suppose, then, that we follow the traditions of the P. R., in this little affair just opening between Mexico and Spain, and present the latter with the precious pet name of "The National Bridge Infant."

It remains yet to be seen whether the Mosquitoes of Mexico are not fiercer at raising blisters than the regular old Spanish Flies.

RUNAWAY ACCIDENT.

We have not seen the following in any daily journal:—

On Tuesday afternoon a porter attached to an ordinary hand-cart, containing little or nothing, took fright at the corner of Canal street and Broadway, and dashed up the latter thoroughfare with frightful speed. The excited animal steered tolerably clear of omnibusses and express wagons, but unfortunately knocked down an elderly lady with false teeth and front at the corner of Broome Street, and a young lady who was unguardedly standing near the curb opposite the Melodeon, in compliance with a request from her admirer, "BUNIONS," in the morning personals of the *Herald*. Pursuing his wild career, the swift-heeled man rattled by the Metropolitan Hotel, LAURA KEENE'S, and the LAFARGE HOUSE. Near the latter the off-wheel of the cart came in contact with the back of a lad's head—the only one he had about him—and sent both it and him rolling. On coming to, a little, the boy described his vision of stars as exceedingly grand.

The affrighted man finally ran head-first into a show-window and bruised his wagon terribly. While backing out preparatory to another heat, he was secured by the police, unharnessed, and led elsewhere. What could have startled the creature originally is not known positively, although some persons assert that a malevolent cur ran barking under his heels. The poor beast was covered with foam when captured, and seemed well-nigh exhausted.

Everything for Corcoran but Freedom.

Won't it be rather aggravating to poor CORCORAN and his fellow prisoners when Ex-Governor FISH and Bishop AMES put their heads into the cell door-way and observe:

"Oh! ah! Good morning! Just from the North. Thought we would drop in and see how you are. Going back directly. If there is anything we can do for you, just mention it. Most happy to serve you. Good day!"

Stop the Leaks at Home.

It is stated that Mrs. EUSTIS, whose husband was one of the Trent Quartette, thinks that she has money enough to "buy up" the French press and get it to advocate the Confederacy. Why wouldn't it be a good plan for her first to buy up the Southern, and especially the Richmond press?

WANTED—A POET.

"An uncommon want."
BYRON.

It seems cruel to say so, but there is no portion of the New York *Herald* so ineffably comic as its long daily list of "Deaths." It is sad enough to glance at those closely packed paragraphs and think how many hearts must ache over them every morning. But it is sadder still to think that some wretched clown should have it in his power to make that solemn record so ridiculous that no man can look at it without laughter. We allude to the bits of humorous rhyme, which the morose person who presides over this department occasionally throws in, to relieve the monotony of his sombre compilation. These obituary verses are evidently "kept in type," and used as circumstances require. The editor's *repertoire* being somewhat limited, the same platitudes are published day after day. In the course of the past twelve months, the following touching lines have probably brought tears to the public eye no less than sixty or seventy times:—

"Dearest Bobby thou hast left us,
And thy loss we deeply feel,
But 'tis God that has bereft us,
And he can our sorrows heal."

But, if in place of BOBBY, it is BOBBY'S mother who has left us, the first line reads—

"Dearest *mama* thou has left us"—

a striking instance of the ingenuity of the human mind. Among the editor's favorite elegies is one in which, by a curious convolution of language, the Deity instead of the deceased is referred to as being "at rest." This "gem *adrift*," as General MORRIS would call it, runs as follows:—

"We loved him—yes, no tongue can tell
How much we loved him and how well.
God loved him, too, and He thought best
To take him home, *and be at rest.*"

The *Herald* man is not to be caught napping, so he has a quatrain adapted to the demise of twins:

"Fare thee well, sweet buds of beauty;
Little angels fare thee well,
For thou wert too [*two* ?] pure and lovely
In a world like this to dwell."

But for real pathos and a refinement of feeling almost verging on the finical, give us the subjoined:

"Suffering sore long time she bore,
Physicians were in vain,
But now at last her woe is past,
For God has eased her pain."

This is said to be very popular. In its pre-Raphaelite simplicity it so strongly reminds us of the author of "My Mother's Breast-pin," that we at once attribute it to his melodious pen. In our next quotation, the reader cannot fail to recognise the peculiar versification and melody of that great innovator of modern poetry, WALT. WHITMAN. Are we wrong in laying this tender topaz, this pathetic pearl at the door of the distinguished?

"A gem of human form is gone to the realms of grace,
A princely pearl to enrich the kingdom of God's selected race.
Oh, Araminta dear, she is no longer here to solace the lonely hours of father and mother, dear devoted ones of thy world's latest ends.
She, blessed of the three, no longer waits the caressing of parents' anxious care. She, she is there with God's selected gems."

A want of space and patience prevents us from inflicting the reader with further extracts. The five inanities printed above are sufficient to prove that the Editor of the *Herald* needs, even if he doesn't want, a poet. If people *will* have their dead friends versified, for the sake of humanity let it be done decently, Mr. *Herald*.

General McClellan's Fighting Weight.

Sixty Four Pounds.

Wants Posting up badly.

The Norfolk *Day Book*.